Vol. III. Numb. 40.

# THE OBSERVATOR.

## *The* Country-man's *Dialogue between a* Low-Churchman *and a* High-Flyer.

From **Saturday** Auguſt the 5th, to **Wednesday** Auguſt the 9th, 1704.

NO News yet, Honeſt *Country-man*; not a Word from *Portugal*, *Holland*, or the *Fleet*? How ſhall us away our Time in Diſcourſe?

*Country-m.* I can tell you, if you pleaſe, what ought to do in the Navy and Army; but are grown ſo very Cautious there's no Speato you. And therefore, ſince *Politicks* go down with you, let's have one Slice of ; you han't exerciſed your Faculty that a long time.

*Obſ.* Nor can I do it now; the Genius of try is loſt among the Wild-Bryars of Diſcon-, Perſecution, and Trouble; according to of *Ovid*, *Carmina proveniunt Animo deducta no.* The Muſes love no ſower Countenances: Dejected Aſpect puts the whole Choir of *Par-us* out of Tune; one Eternal Note of *Jubilee* the *Elyſium* Plains: Alack-a-day! We han't one *Poet* to *Elyſium* ſince our Great *Milton* ade his Entry there, attended by the Muſes emſelves, and an innumerable Train of Beauus Nymphs. The Noble Spirit of Poetry is ite ſuppreſs'd in *England*, no Verſe meets with couragement, but what is inſcrib'd to the Hour of *Bacchus* or *Venus*, or what has a Tincture *Atheiſm* or *Blaſphemy*; if we, by Noble Satyr, deavour to expoſe the Vices of the Age, and to preſent to Mankind the Betrayers of our Liies in their proper Colour, inſtead of a Laud, the Poet gets a Wooden Ruff, and Sings his *chrymæ* in a Hymn to the Pillory. Theſe are t Times, my Friend, to deal in Verſe; the Inarmonious Minds of Men will not bear it.

*Country-m.* Well, I ſee you are quite Frighted, ou Dream of an Information againſt you in erſe, which damps your Poetick Spirit. For y part I fear no Colours; I fancy the *Coun-y-man* has rob'd the *Obſervator* of his Courage. have made ſome Verſes, in Imitation of Goodan *Hudibras*, I'll Read 'em to you, if you pleaſe. 's a Dialogue betwixt a *High-Flyer* and a *Low-hurchman*; and Inſcrib'd to the Laud and Praiſe Sacheverel, *Leſley*, *Stubbs*, and the Aſpiring lace of *Tantivies*. If you find any thing amiſs 'em, as Read, tell me of it, that I may Correct it, for I'm reſolv'd to Print 'em.

L. C. *Tell me, thou Paper Kite, how high*
*Thou canſt from Senſe and Reaſon fly,*
*And when above the Clouds you go,*
*How we poor Fellows look Below?*

H. *You are the Wights from Reaſon vary,*
*And know not Notions that are Airy;*
*Sublime, Ætherial, Viſional,*
*Which we do High-Church Notions call;*
*Like Stones, or Lumps of Earth, my Friend,*
*You always to the Center tend:*
*You are determin'd in your Hight,*
*And dare not mount and take a Flight.*

L. C. *But if you're minded, Sir, to Fly,*
*And to Attempt the very Sky,*
*Why need you other Folk perplex,*
*Who dare not Venture thus their Necks;*
*Who have no Wings, nor Flying Plumes,*
*And may fall down and ſquat their Bums?*
*Can't you alone Aloft repair,*
*And cut your Capers in the Air;*
*But other Folk, when Zeal ſhall ſeize-ye,*
*Muſt Venture Neck and all to pleaſe-ye.*

H. *Ev'ry good Chriſtian, Pious Elf,*
*Would happy make you, like himſelf,*
*Would ſhew the way from Earth to Sky,*
*And teach each Mortal Man to Fly:*
*But if you're Mad, and Sullen grown,*
*Enclin'd to Self Deſtruction;*
*In pity to your better Part,*
*The Wicked Corps muſt feel the Smart:*
*The Bird that won't the Air engage,*
*Muſt be Confin'd within a* Cage.

L. C. *This is the moſt confounded Nonſence,*
*To Reign as Tyrant o'er the Conſcience.*
*Tho' by high Notions you may Thrive,*
*Thou art the Wicked'ſt Wretch alive;*
*Thou underſtand'ſt Tyrannick Work,*
*As well as* Jefferies, *or* Kirk:
*Thou know'ſt the Doctrine of the Rack,*
*As well as Pedler knows his Pack.*
*The Methods which the* Scots-men *Uſe,*
*Of Godly* Thumbikins *and* Screws,
*Which bring Confeſſion from the Leg,*
*By driving home the Iron Peg:*
*Well Verſt in Hells deep Miſtery*
*And all the Arts of Cruelty,*
*Thou bring'ſt Religion to Confuſion,*
*By placing it in Perſecution.*

H. *No Cruelty my Heart Controuls,*
*'Tis only Pious care to Souls:*
*By Outward Puniſhment and Weight*
*We keep a Crooked Conſcience ſtreight;*
*And Outward Puniſhment we find*
*The only means to Purge the Mind;*
*By paring of each vile Excreſſence,*
*From Chriſtian People's erring Conſcience;*
*We make 'em light that they may Fly,*
*And view the Regions of the Sky.*

L. C. *You ſhow the moſt Confounded Nonſence,*
*In laying Fetters on the Conſcience,*
*Which cannot be, or felt, or ſeen,*
*And only has it's ſeat within,*
*Is here, and there, and every where,*
*And flies like Light'ning thro' the Air.*
*When thou contriv'ſt a uſeful Ginn*
*To keep a hard-mouth'd Conſcience in,*
*To Coop 'em up like* Cocks *and* Hens,
*Or* Eſſex Calves *in* Smithfield-Pens;
*Thou act'ſt the* Gotham Wiſemans *part,*
*And art a* Cooko *for thy Art.*

H. *Strange Silly Wight, whoſe groſſer Sence,*
*To Flying can have no pretence;*

*By heavy Notions being Shamm'd,*
*Infallibly thou wilt be Damn'd:*
*When we who learn aloft to fly,*
Præsto, *we mount, and never Dye,*
*We never to the Grave Descend,*
*Or like the Crowd do make our End:*
*But we, instead of common Dying,*
*Do purchase Heaven by our Flying.*
*For who in Life are* Perkinites,
*In Dying must be* Asgilites.
L. C. *This Whimsical Religious stuff*
*Makes thee Rediculous enough;*
*In Life a most Erroneous Looby,*
*In Death as Whimsical a Booby.*
*For, look'ye, Friend, we can't rely*
*On Men that from their Reason fly,*
*And Teach us Mortals ne'er to Dye.*
*And if this Notion should take place,*
*'Twould bring the State to a sad Case;*
*And eke would also baulk and lurch,*
*The* Parson, Sexton, *and the* Church.
*If you won't Dye, your grown so Sullen,*
*You cannot Buried be in Woollen;*
*Which certainly would make a Fracture,*
*About the Woollen Manufacture,*
*Except that you, and many others,*
*Translated be in Wearing-Cloathers,*
*In Drabdeberry Coats and Beavers,*
*T' oblige the Hatters and the Weavers.*
*Pray have a care, by your new Dying,*
*They ben't provok'd to Shoot you flying.*
*By this Curst Notion you've undone,*
*All the Dead Cooks about the Town;*
Paul Meagre *can't Embalm the Carcass,*
*Which will esteemed be a hard Case.*
*And here your Loyalty is seen,*
*You are an Enemy to the Queen.*
*The Burial Act hereby's destroy'd,*
*Which long the Government enjoy'd.*
*You give th' Exchequer many Wounds,*
*And Fly away with Publick Funds.*
*You Rob the Parish* Clerk *and* Parson,
*And Steal the Stool he set his Arse on:*
*You baulk the very use of Bells,*
*And profit of all Funeral Knells.*
*No more the Priest shall Read the Prayers,*
*To his Departed Brothers Ears,*
*The Women too will never hear it,*
*To lose the Funeral Burnt-Claret.*
*You leave the Old at Six and Seven,*
*To fumble out the Way to Heaven;*
*Benumb'd by Age, Bedrid and Criple,*
*They cannot flie like other People:*
*And wanting Sight among the Crowds,*
*May knock their Heads against the Clouds.*
*The Infant does in Cradle lye,*
*He is, Alas! too Weak to fly;*
*Unless the Stronger as they go,*
*Take the Poor Baby in a Tow.*
*I am so Gross and Fat, that I*
*Can ne'er pretend Aloft to flye,*
*And therefore must contented Dye:*
*But he, who in the Æther flies,*
*May hearken to a Friends Advice.*
*Consider, tho' you are so strong,*
*The way is hot, and Plaguy long;*
*And in your Flight you'll want a Cup,*
*To keep your Drooping Spirits up;*
*You'll be half Roasted, and half Baked,*
*If you Translated are stark Naked:*
*You can't have less than a full Pottle*
*Of Right* Nants *Brandy in a Bottle;*
*And eke a mighty swinging Piece,*
*Of Houshold Bread and* Cheshire Cheese:
*For there you cannot, on a sudden,*
*Have a Boyl'd Piece of Beef and Pudding:*
*No Taverns there, no Half-way House,*
*Where you in Bumpers may Carouse.*
*And Pray take care, as you do go,*
*You don't Affront us here Below:*
*As Birds which upwards soar in Flight,*
*On Humane Heads do sometimes Shite:*
*Should you Squirt on us from the Air,*
*Like little Child thro' Cacking Chair,*
*We 'gainst your Notions then should stickle,*
*Finding our selves in Shitten Pickle:*
*For Troth we're finely brought to Bed,*
*When you shall Dung upon our Head.*
*You're Notions are so very vain,*
*The Laws of Nature they restrain,*
*So Idle and Impertinent,*
*That Boys and Women can't Consent.*
H. *Who e'er to Talk with you will Venture*
*For Argument finds nought but Banter:*
*Thus is High-Church by you abus'd,*
*And thus our Clemency misus'd:*
*Thus you our Breasts with Passion fill,*
*And thus we lost our Righteous Bill.*
L. C. *Fly by your selves and to the Clouds re*
*And there Converse with Demons in the Air.*

*Obs.* Truly, Honest *Country-man*, I think
hast set High-Church upon its true Basis:
Existence is in the Heads of Men, who take
Notions from Self-Interest; or those Notions
the Effect of Dreams, or Chymerical Fan
which they would Impose upon Mankind
real and Founded on Reason. I am so Cha
ble as to pity Men in such a Lunacy, who
deavour to make others as Mad as themselv

But, Honest *Country-man*, if you continu
Banter the *High-Flyers*, I don't know but
may meet with my Fate; they are a People
make some Figure in the World, and I wish
have not too much Power.

*Country-m.* I have known People that
made a Figure, become Cyphers, and look
as Simple as my self: I say they are a Pac
Packs, if and you fear 'em, I don't value 'em
Half-Penny.


***Advertisements.***

ON *Saturday* last was publish'd a sham *Observator*, Insinu
to the World as if it was Written by the Author of the
One. The Parties concern'd giving out that it will be conti
therefore Notice is hereby given, that the Publick may not be
pos'd on, that the right for this Day you'll find Vol. III. Numb
and so on; and at the Bottom, *London*, Printed and Sold by *J.*
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